



Mabilong **2019** Manilatown



MHF-000571















# *The Manongs do not belong to anyone but themselves*



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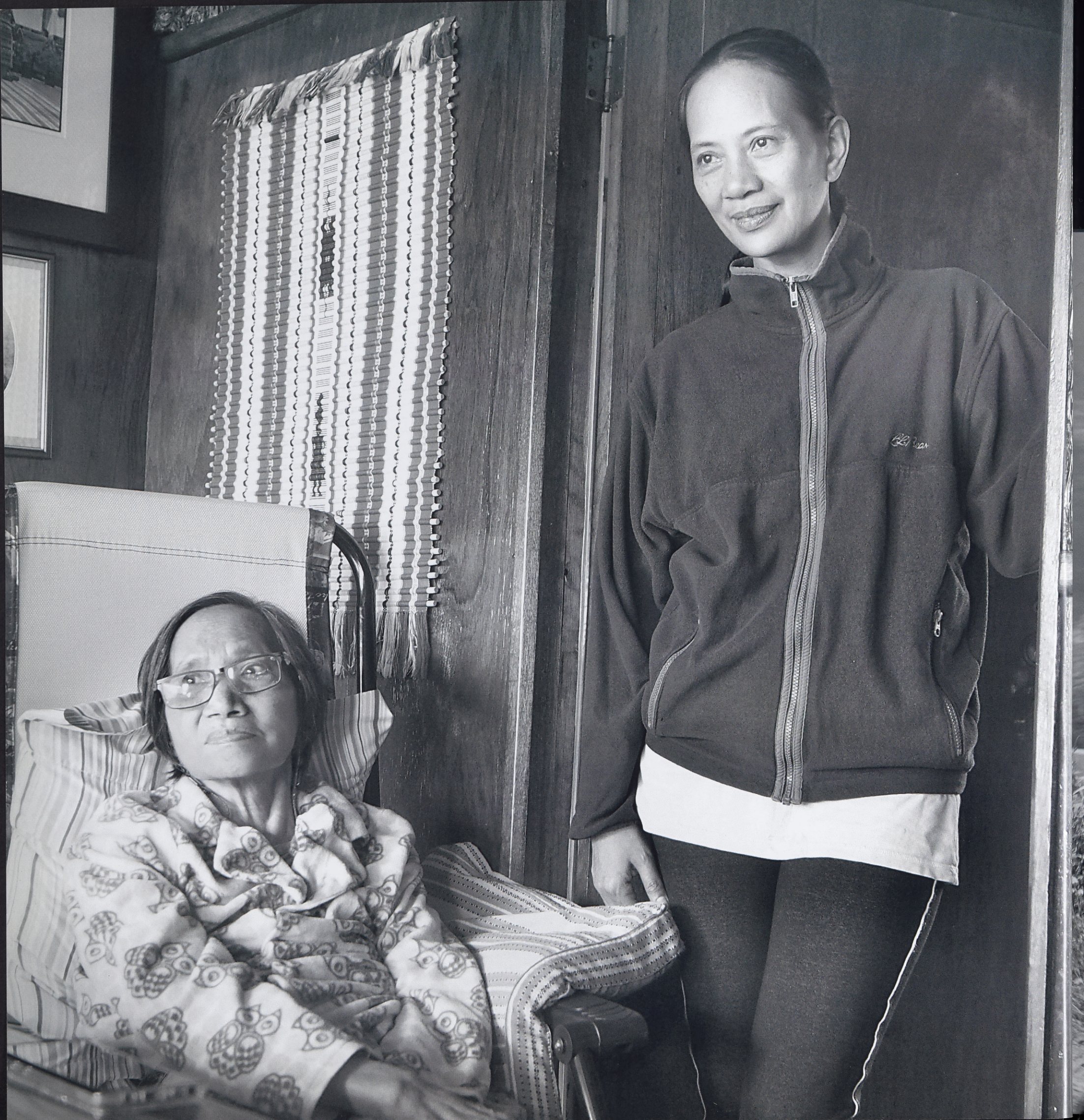




They neither belong to me,  
nor for that matter to anyone,  
especially to a group of  
scholarly pompous-ass anthropologists  
deleting the Manongs' experiences  
into such sophisticated compartments,  
for the purposes of preserving  
"a loincloth people".









*I am like You  
One of their protectors  
Protecting their vision*



The Manongs' visions are kept  
within themselves.  
Not written down.

But you hear their voices deep.

It is passed on to whoever is open to it.  
A transmission of mind to mind.

You will only be making a big mistake  
if you stop listening  
to the tribal voices you hear.



*Let the Music out!  
Sing it!  
Shout it!  
Write!*

Don't stop now.  
We all hear the tribal voices.  
I am a transcriber of the lives like you.  
It has nothing to do with  
duty or nationalism.  
The rice and fish are available to us -  
let's eat them together.























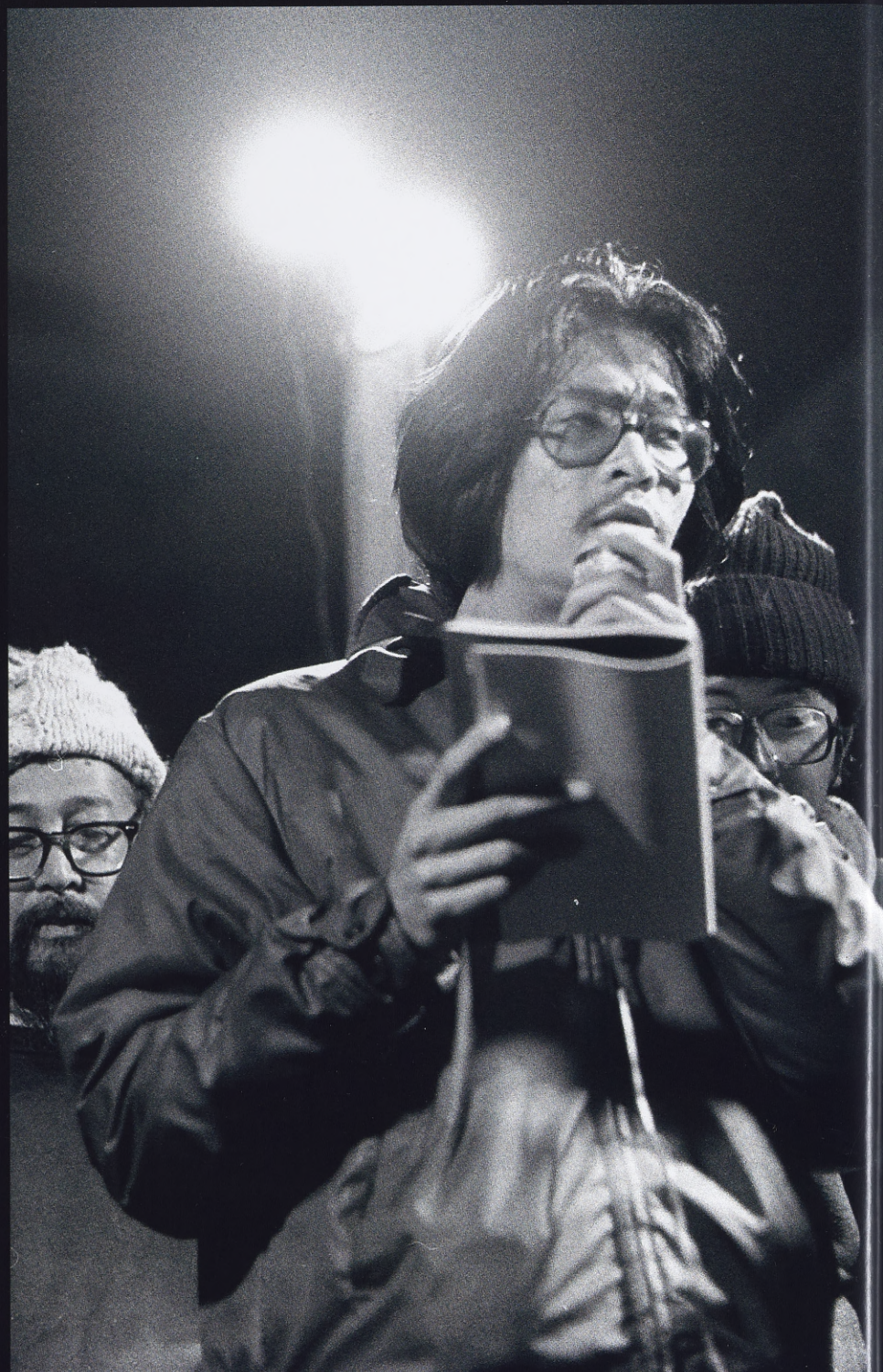


We meet again  
at another time and place  
Up on a hill & far away

from manilatown

from tribal memories of  
the international hotel

Away from the sounds of the manongs  
Away from ifugao myths and dreams



We meet like two crazy wandering poets  
In the midst of guitar music.  
We meet for the first time only because  
We left behind our minds, soaked inside  
A giant porcelain vat of fermented shrimps  
Salmon eggs, pig entrails, eagle feathers  
Balot, water-buffalo tails and monkey skulls

We meet like two salmon returning upriver  
Returning home, carrying nothing but the  
Sound of water . . . tubig. Wind slapping





Each other on the back. Smashing everything  
In the past. What's left rattles like memories

Two poets meeting over grass and rocks - rising  
To a new spring moon. and all we have left over  
Is a mountain belly full of laughter. Like two  
Ragged manongs, in agbayani winter village rags  
Falling over each other in the california grape  
Orchards . . .



drunk with the coconut feelings of  
Brown people.

Rice foaming in the mouth -

Everything from ifugao myths to t'boli tales  
And dreams.

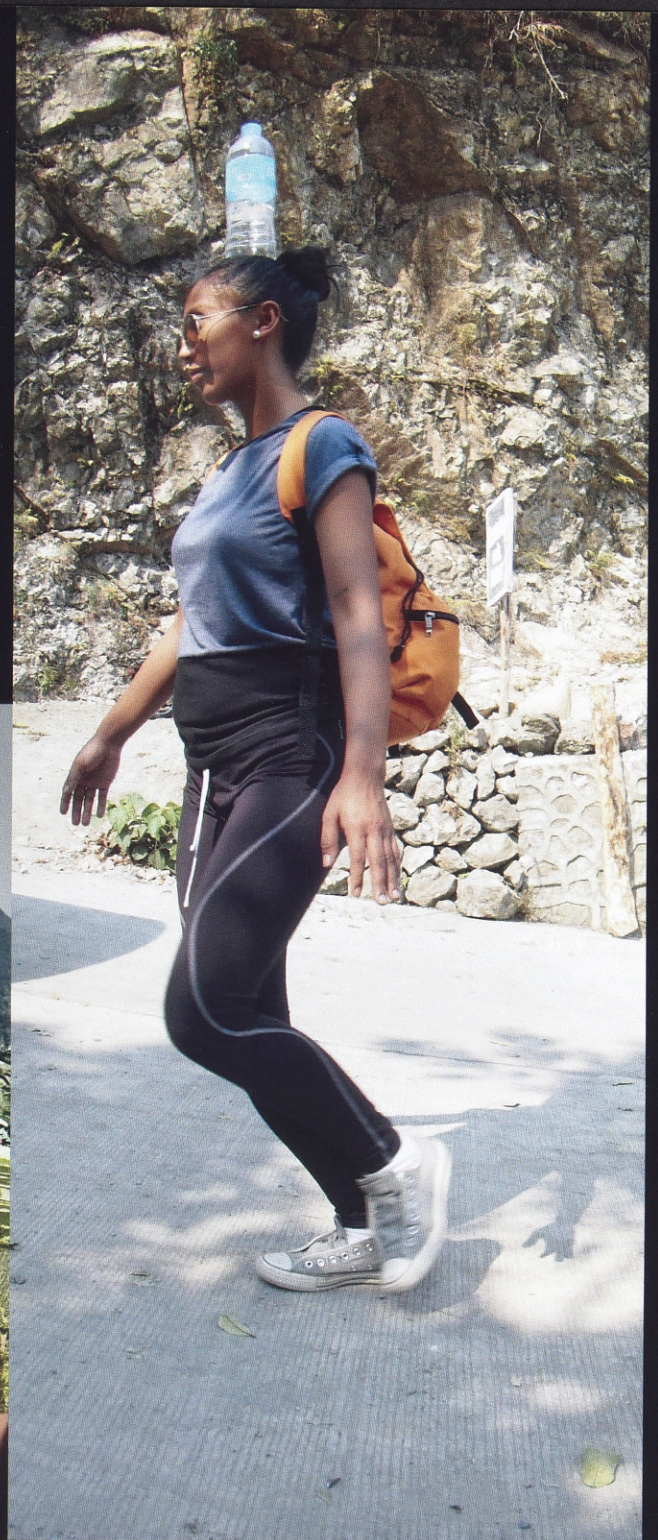
How else  
can two poets meet?







Reaching out to our Motherland on the other shore  
We come to our Motherland on the other shore  
Far across the salty green-blue ocean  
to touch, to feel, to see  
to gather, to learn,  
  
To Belong









With hearts and soul  
our Motherland  
Her face, her eyes, her lips  
her mouth, her hands filled with  
a hundred thousand things  
A typhoon of tales and stories  
and dreams and memories  
And love  
We are just Pilipino-Americans from California-side  
We come filled with love

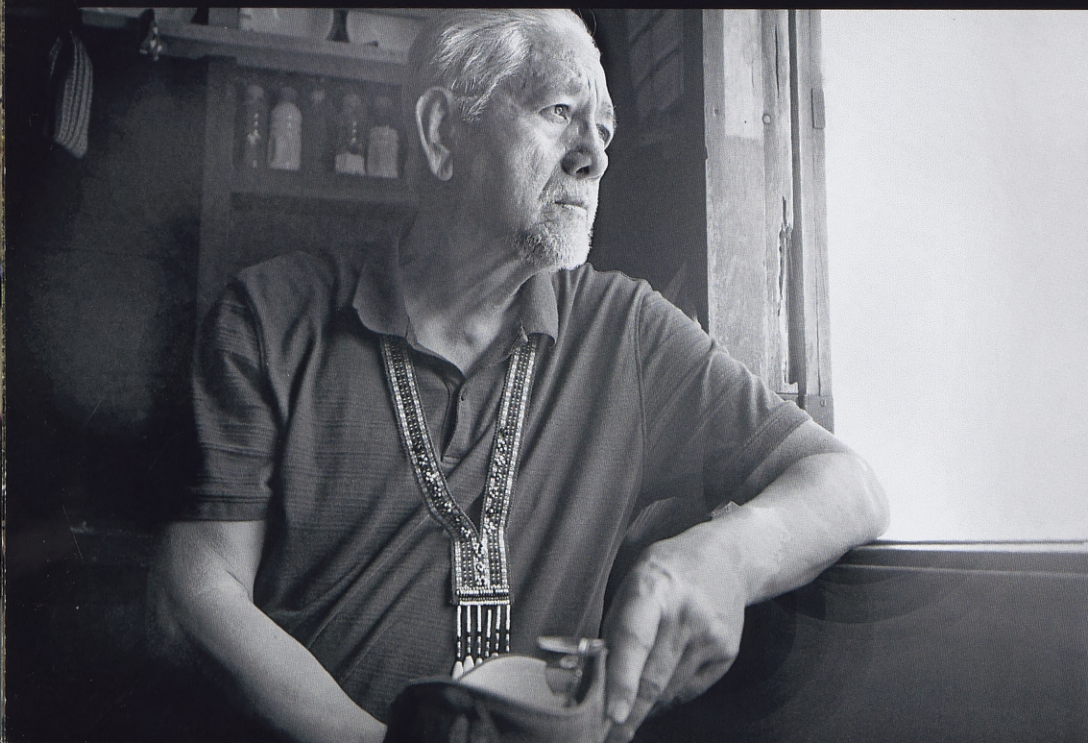
to see the other side of our face  
in the face of our Motherland







Osaan chi ginga  
Un mag-nge taku  
si bilig Ipugew  
Wechewed chi kasapuyan yo'n ammu  
Kalan Tagatac  
Ha tongalin chi Bilig Ipugew  
achipun mantuntulli





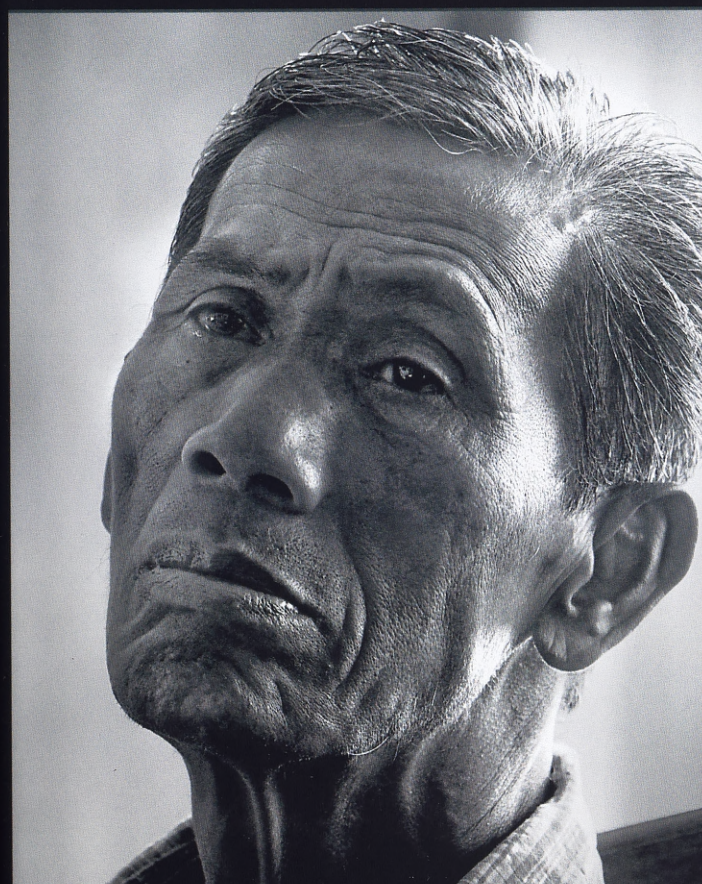
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Sapi is a humble man,  
one who understands true wealth.  
Defining Sapi becomes a journey into the depths  
of ones own self-awareness, a liberation.  
Thus an opposition becomes more clear, transparent.

"Art is the whole expression of our life"

"The sound of the gong is the sound  
that unifies Kalinga people.  
It is the sound that encompasses our soul.  
It is an expression of making ourselves understood -  
peaceful or beleaguered."

"Destroy before we build is inconceivable  
to the Kalinga."

"Why should I be trembling in my own country?"







***We Recognize our  
Dignity and Humanity  
through the Eyes***















Now we return home  
We go back to the other shore  
bringing back with us  
the real, sweet, wild spirit  
of Escrimador

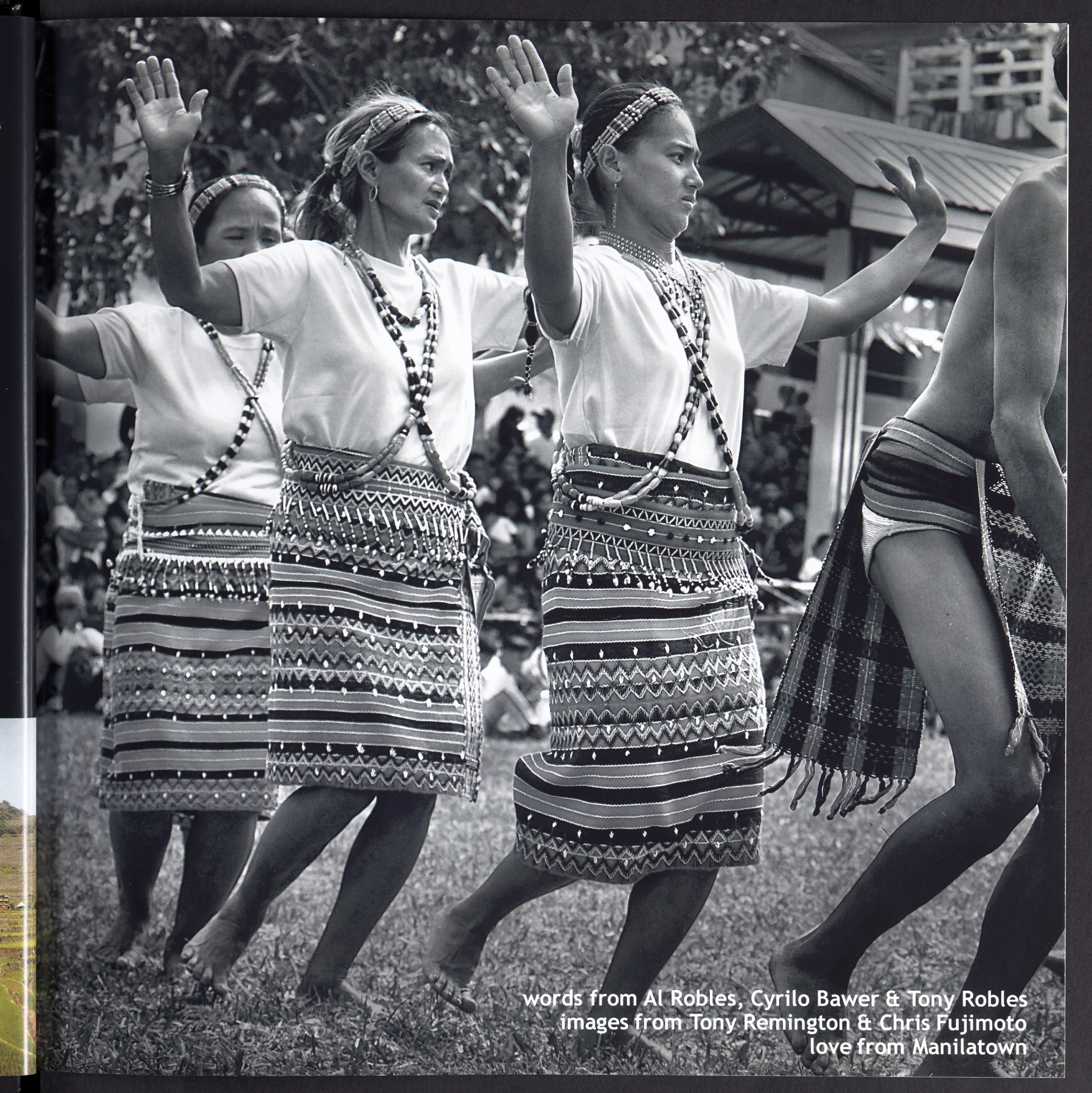
We leave now  
How do we go back Home?  
How do we go back Home?  
to the other shore?

We take with us  
ten thousand things

Things we will never forget  
Things we will never forget







words from Al Robles, Cyrilo Bawer & Tony Robles  
images from Tony Remington & Chris Fujimoto  
love from Manilatown



*Mixbook*  
PHOTO CO.

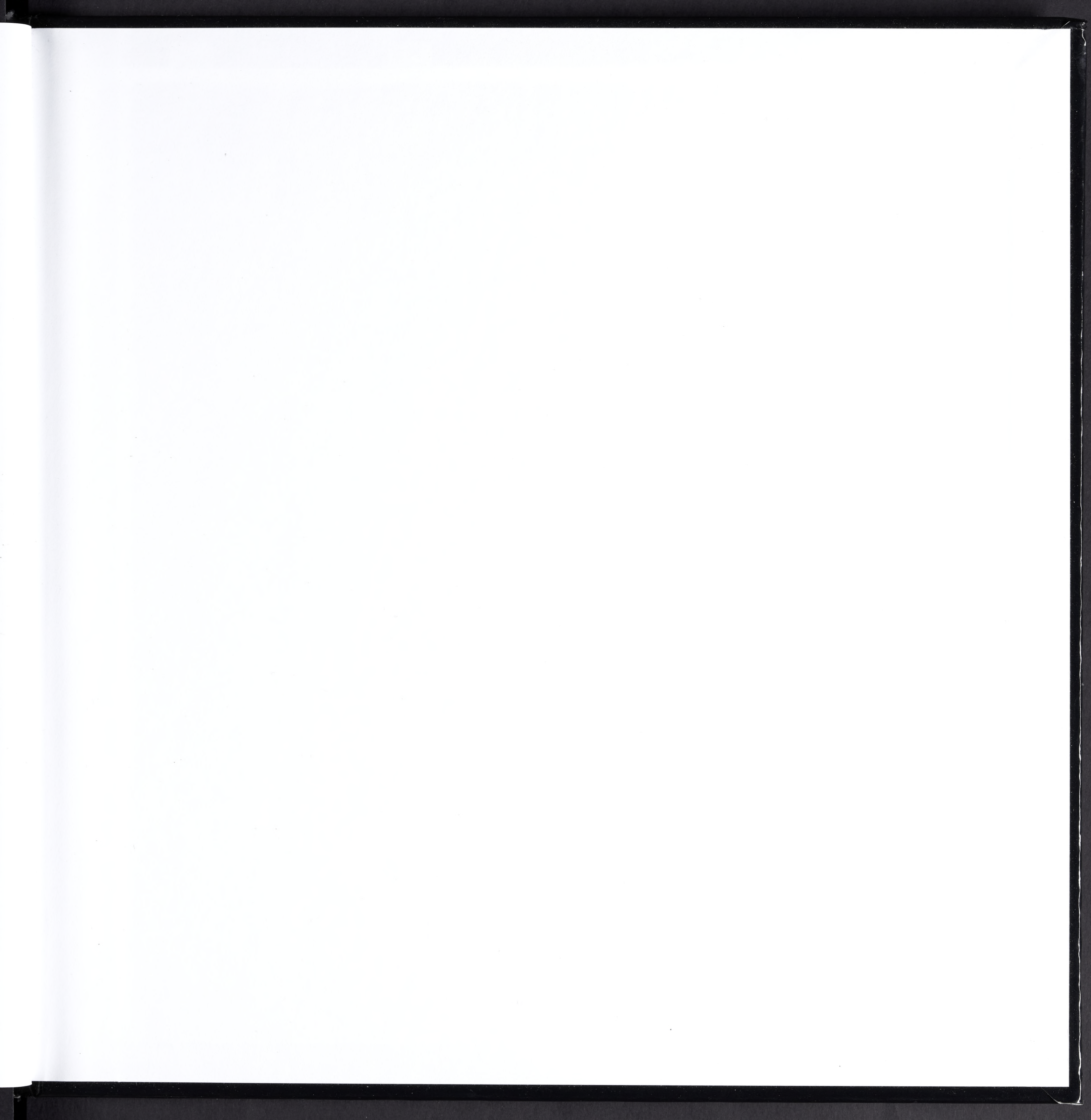
















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